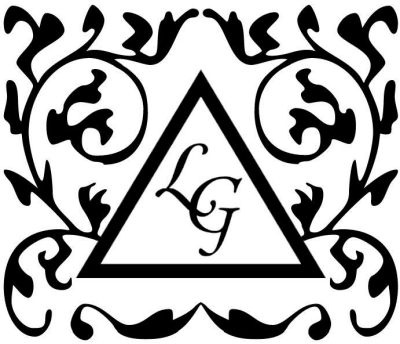
THE DAILY DARKIN

Volume IV

THE DAILY DARKIN.

By the Infranaciónal Consortium of
Goofiíst Associates.
Volume IV.

Being a Smól Journal of Physical Culture and Unusual Methodologié. Consisting of True and Faithful Reports.



Edited by Sn. Sherm.

MM. XX. IV.

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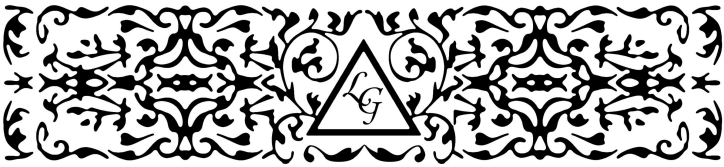

AN EPISTLE TO THE READER. BEING A SMÓL DATUM OF NOTIFICAción for the reader or readers of this, the fourth volume of the Daily Darkin.

By The I. C. G. A.

FOR THE PURPOSE of clarity, it has been deemed necessary to explain the following: "Why is there a *Daily Darkin,* and no *Daily Shinin?* Why have we chosen to publish such daürk materials,—not intended for children, or women, or men —into this world?" This begs the question: Who cares? This is not a laissez-faire attitude, we are unjuśt and industrious, who are *you?* Why are you here? Tell me you mother's middle name, I will put it in the ta'weez. Yes 12th century Arabic scholar, we get it, "everything is made of light!" Fuck you nigga...

THE INDUSTRIOUS PIMP.

BEING A DIDACTIC PROSE POEM.[a] BY THE PROPHET, SN. VENANTIUS OBSEQUENS. SN. SHERM, and THAT FAMOUS AND HONORABLE PIMP "DRAGON."[b]

a. *This is not a poem, it is a series of general factuals.*

b. *Real name unknown, no birth certificate found on the body.*

A PIMP IS a man who get *that money.*
Don't get too excited now,
Do not think yourself a pimp,
Just because you have a job.
As one so acquainted with *that money,*
I do not fit into this languid lifestyle.
What is a bitch?
A demeaning name for a hoe.
What is hoe? A bitch that get *that money,* for the pimp.
What is a pimp... I have already explained.
What is a man? A man is a man who
Has been known to get,—*that money.*
This begs the question: What is money?
Money is something you covet,
Money is something that is good,
Money is something I seek, because I am a pimp.
A pimp exists because of *that money,*
And money exists because... of the pimp,
This a dialectic between a pimp and *that money,*
This the heart of the human development;

I talked to several anthropologists,
Few of my bitches was anthropologists.
Yeah that's right, I have them *educated hoes,*
Who happen to be bitches,
But this logical construct was already explained...
What is a bitch? Refer to the definition above?
What is a bitch? scroll up.
Now, man... if you remember what a man is:
Man is a social creature.
What is a social creature?
It is a thing that congregates.
A true meeting of pimps is a congregation of silence,
That's because the answer to any possible question...
Is always: *"That money."*
Real pimps exist in silence, *quod erat demonstrandum.*
I once met a holy man...
Who told me not to covet, *that money.*
That man is no longer alive,
He was taking my name in vain.
I once went to a business school.
I left because it did not gain me *that money.*
So I started a money college,
Where you can come and learn how to get me *that money.*
This how I get my educated hoes...
This is called *magnetism.*
What is magnetism?
Money is like a magnet, if you hold it in my presence.
If you *cold* enough, like metal, it is attracted to *you.*
This is called the electro-pimpedic force.
There ain't many researchers—
In the realm of electro-pimpetism,
Because, ironically, it does not get you *that money.*
This is the one thing I am still ignorant of
Because it does not get me *that money.*
I read The Bible once, I put it down...

There was no money in it....
I read The Qur'an,—five dollars... neatly folded...
Ašhadu ʾan lā ʾilāha ʾilla -llāhu, wa-ʾašhadu
ʾAnna Muḥammadan rasūlu -llāh, wa-ʾašhadu
ʾAnna *that money* waliyyu -llah...
I don't even buy anything with the money I procure,
I'm like that dragon in the mountain...
What's a dragon?
A dragon is a fictional creature,—
Known to covet all that men seek, like,—*that money.*
So, the dragon be pimping the dwarves, for *that money.*
What is a dwarf? It is a minuscule man.
What is a man!? I am *that man,* nigga...
And man is the one that gets *that money.*
In the beginning: God created *that money,*
And I—ever the humble servant—went after *that money.*
What is God, nigga?
As far as my hoes are concerned,—I *am* God.
You pray to me every night...
You gotta go to church... my den...
The den in which I lay on my pile of *that money.*
My pile... it made of *that money,* that *sweetness.*
You add to the pile,—you go away.
Come back next Sunday, with more of *that money.*
We need to talk about the teleology, of *that money...*
What is teleology? That's the *end* of things.
But as far as I know, there is no end, to *that money.*
The pile on which I lay will grow and grow
Until it overencompasses the earth & blots out the sun.
That's the *pimpocalypse,* it's in the bible:
In the end God will come down—
From his pile of *that money*—yes he has one too—
He name "dragon."
Anyway, enough of this telos... *tallow?*
That shit bad for your arteries.

The tallow is a type of food... What is food?
    Food is something you procure, using *that money.*
I never lose *that money*, so it is reasonable to say:
    That I do not require sustenance.
My money is as long as the universe.
    And what exactly is the universe?
It is the realm where you procure *that money.*
    I have consulted physicians, theologians,
Chemists, Mysticians, Chiropractors,
    Bone-Setters, Dermatologists, Acupuncturists,
Various Myofascial Relief Therapists,
    And so on and so forth...
Each and every one one of my less educated hoes,
    For of course, to claim to know more than God—
Is a supreme arrogance.... What is arrogance?
    It's what you need, to get *that money,*
We can't always be humble...
    What is being humble, nigga?
Humble, it come from the Rēmans,
    It mean "low," and there ain't no pimp out here—
Lower than me... But don't get it twisted!
    I will lower myself to the deepest hells
To acquire... *that money.*
    That's where I met Angra Mainyu, who is all death,
Who counter-created taxation with his witchcraft.
    And what exactly is witchcraft?
Apparently it something you can do...
    To get *that money*... from... me!?
But that's not possible, seeing as I am the one—
    Who gets *that money...*
I will take the money back,—*reverse taxation,*
    Also known as *thievery...* What is thievery?
It's the act of getting *that money* through illegal means?
    What is legality?

It is fraternity. What fraternity? It is equality.
    But that is not possible within the metaphysical
Framework, of getting *that money.*
    So it stands to say that legality is impossible
And therefore it is impossible to steal something,
    For I already *own it...*
What is ownership? The act of procurement,
    Wait... scroll up again, verify this,
Ah damn I already defined that one...
    Anyway, what is a definition?
It's syntax and semantics you use to get *that money.*
    Next time you gaze at a dollar bill, nigga...
You will behold me, getting *that money,*
    Which is myself procuring myself,—
Onto eternity—nigga—amen...

THE LAZY PIMP. BEING A

DIDACTIC DIALOGUE BETWEEN THAT Famous and honorable pimp "Dragon" and the titular Lazy Pimp, who by definition, does not get THAT MONEY.

By The Prophet, Sn. SAP, Tacitus Apostrof, and that famous and honorable pimp "dragon."

Prologus. Caput primum.

At the stroke of midnight, that famous and honorable pimp "Dragon," appears in a bathroom mirror, as he has been conjured by an impossibly lazy pimp who seeks his guidance in the perpetual task of acquiring *that money*.[1]

The two then engage in a dialogue wherein the famous and honorable pimp "Dragon" dispenses various wisdoms and insights.

It is possible for a studious reader of this very work to triple their earnings by studying this illuminating text right here. Normally, I charge double for your kind, but alas, the dean has petitioned me to present this work for free.[2]

The dialogue. Caput II.

I see you nigga, what is it that you require, other than, *that money.* Which is what all men require to live."

"But Mr. 'Dragon' I thought you were blind?"

"I'm not blinded by ambition, I'm blinded by wealth. This happened when I was a young man, a practitioner of the law, the law of nature that is, the law of, *that money.* All I see is dollar signs, nigga, I see Benjamin Franklins [100 dollars] Thomas Jeffersons [10] dollars, George Washingtons [5] It *seared* nigga, it *burned* into my eyes, my *re-ti-na...* You know how when you leave the TV on... it *burn in*... Will you not move out of the periphery of the mirror?"

"But Mr. 'Dragon,' why?"

"What is a mirror nigga? It something that reflects the image of *that man,* who get *that money.* And you are clearly not that man. You see, public image is an important aspect of getting *that money.* I can't have you being confused to be my image, in the public."

"But Mr. 'Dragon,' we are alone here in my bathroom."

"What is a-lone? It is the shit that I don't pay for, because this does not constitute getting *that money.* You can't be using, *that money,* to get, *that money,*—that's not only illegal in the Bible, it is also satanic... Now, young nigga, what is Satan? Satan is the antithesis to God. What is God? My God is *that money,* (Jesus Christ.) But I have already explained this in my original work, which you may read if you are to scroll up, or flip the page. Whichever of these paths you take, it better result in getting *that money,* which it will, because these are the words of a man, who does indeed get *that money....* Now, I've met many anti-trinitarian pimps, but they didn't have enough of *that-money* for me to care about their point of view... Now, what is a view? *Look* nigga... Now, what is the pimp trinity? It is as a follows: *God, That,* and,—Money... I charged

one of my hoes with a Ph.D. in theology to devise this diagram, which I call: *"The Shield of That Money."* It... protected... that money... conceptually, not literally, that is what the gun is for. I had one of my gunsmithing hoes construct this weapon.... Anyway this the shield: *God* is not *That,—That* is not *Money,—Money* is not *God.*

"What?"

"Silence lazy nigga, I am not finished. Now as I was saying: *God* is not *That,—That* is not *Money,—Money* is not *God,*—but they all *Me.* That is to say: Him who get *that money,* do you understand?"

"But Mr. 'Dragon,' I don't understand."

"Exactly, that's why you not gettiń, *that money.* You got to broaden your horizons by enrolling in my college."

"Mr. 'Dragon' I don't think I could afford that."

"I know this, I'm taunting you nigga."

"But Mr. 'Dragon,' I do not comprehend! How will taunting me, get you *that money?"*

"Let me answá your question, earnestly, with a question: How will a rock that is falling, reach the ground?"

"How Mr. 'Dragon?' "

"It will reach the ground no matter what, just like how I will always, get *that money...* You know, they say that the eyes are the window to the soul. I have appeared in those windows, I have been robbing your spirit. I mean my bitches, who are blooded with thieves guild, are robbing you at this very moment, as you are distracted by the phantasmagorical image of a mythical creature. Do not attempt to leave the bathroom, my bitches are still struggling to find even a *trace* of *that money,* in your domicile... I pity you nigga, let me pretend to console you: My great granfathá was an idolater because he was ignorant of monotheism. What is monotheism? It is that shit the Greeks was *not* doing. Back in ancient Athens when I was gettiń that money on the steps of the Parthenon, I had en-

1. *https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Wealth*

2. *We forged the Email. This man is a great fool.*

tered that very same building, and gazed upon the golden statue therein. I did not covet it, for it was not comprise of *that money*. Now, were it to be minted into coinage, that would be most desirable. So I conspired with the Pharaohs to introduce to these barbarians the very concept of coinage. When one begins getting that money, it becomes exponentially impossible to stop acquiring, *that money*. That's why I have my hunchback hoes pick up the dollar bills which manifest wherever I walk... I utilize hunchbacks because they do not waste energy on bending over, so that they can bend over for my clientele, so that I may acquire, more of *that money*. They do not complain, ever, for I have deprived them of any knowledge other than that which gets me *that money*. I have chained women in caves, and had Thespian bitches preform shadow-puppet shows to impress this effect upon them.

"But Mr 'Dragon' I still do not understand. How am I to improve in this profession!?"

"Profession? Nigga, a pimp is technically unemployed as to avoid the counter-creation of taxation. A pimp seldom works, even though he be industrious, thus a pimp may be known by his soft hands, and the craftsmanship of the alligator skins which he wears. I wear shoes made out of actual snakes. My socks are made out of the silk of a thrice orphaned spider. My pants are of the finest mails, made out of gold, platinum, and other various coveted metals. Now as for my belt, its leather is made from the skins of angels, this is what first granted me the ability to fly. This shirt was stolen form the treasury of the devil, it was woven from anti-particles by a thousand slaves of indeterminate race or creed.[3] This why you are unable to see my upper body, for it clashes with the usual substance of reality. My gloves is made of the finest silk, from each of the five continents, each finger is ordained with the skull of a mythical creature of yore which have been hunted, by

3. *Why would he say this?*

my bitches, to extinction. Yes lazy nigga, it is I who has, through my bitches, exhausted this Earth of monsters. They all in the ethereal realm now, making *that money.* I threw them all into Tartarus, where my demi-pimps,—the Titans—extract *that monetary value* from their labor... My coat is grafted from the wooliest of Mammothi, which my cave-bitches have also hunted to extinction. Or so it is believed, by your kind, who coveted the animal's hide. If you listen close to my coat, nigga, you can hear the saddest melodies ever composed by the members of the Proboscidea order... My hat, I bought it at *Costco,* but it is topped with the feather of *Simurgh.* Now my bitches have not hunted this nigga into oblivion, for he is the utmost manifestation of benevolence, he still out there, getting *me,—that money,* through his myriad of blessings... My cane is what used to be a pillar from the Third Temple, yes nigga, the *third* temple, the one from the *future...* My *wonderful cup* contains the blood of humanities most ancient enemies. It is forged from the very same gold by which that nigga Midas cursed his kingdom. For the creation of this goblet I have charged my blacksmith hoes over in the North-West Collage of Construction in *Portland Oregan, 811 Nothreast Holman Street.* It's a good school, you should apply there, but alas, nigga, you can not hope to pay the tuition, for you indeed are lacking in, *that money."*

"Mister 'Dragon' please stop feeding me these peppers!"

"How you gonna be a dragon if you don't breathe fire? Oh yeah, that's right, I forgot you're not me... You can not run away form me lazy nigga, I will just appear in the window when you try to leave. But in realty it is not me who pursues you because you are not, *that money.* It is shame alone which chases thee into the night, nigga. Now... my demi-pimps are two-fold: Poena and Tyche..."[4]

4. *At this point, our scryer couldn't bear the visions anymore, POW-MIA. RIP* [?] *Thoughts and prayers.*

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(Do not eat at "Chicken Republic," it is an unhygienic place.)

MM. XX. IV.

ON THE DEPRAVITY OF SLEEP.

BEING A WORK OF TRANS-HISTORICAL PLAgirism and skeleṭonic diſtillation, containing a set of inſtructions on the deprivation of two kinds of sleep, and the wonderful virtues that ſtem therefrom. Including also a third method.

By Sn. Redacted.

The introduction. Caput primum.

There exist two forms of sleep: The greater and the lesser. I am not referring to the thirty minute naps you may take after the liquid crystal display diminishes your soul, as opposed to the sort of sleep that goes on in beds and futons, and sometimes on park benches. No, there is the regular restful sleep and then there is the state of wakefulness, which in the vast majority of beings is an extended form of the former, i.e. a form of sleep.

There is no ſtrict normative claim to be made here, whether all sleep or all are awake,—does not matter, more evil men than myself have written greatly on these topics, but more men ſtill have written conjurations which further induce sleep, thus the aforementioned *many* are in fact a few, but a few enough for the lack of a necessity to pontificate upon these subjects in great detail.

These claims can be easily verified by the application of a prolonged ſtate of vigilance, though more details therein exiſt, whatever the case, we can point and laugh at the local schizophrenic talking to trees or lamp-poſts, but this is not the right use of our time, for our general phenomenological ſtate is no better than his. We also obey ſtrange voices in our heads and forget ourselves conſiſtently and conſtantly. You will either not believe this or you will misunderſtand, as your conatus[1] seeks out various empowerments in the ideas of your cause. So let me demonſtrate: Close your eyes and think of some basic color, now open them and keep the idea of that color in your mind and look around whatever space you are in. What did you notice? You see, I have made you see colors, I muſt be some sort of magician. But do not be afraid, I have merely used the low cunning of psychological priming. But yes, this is happening to you at all times, you are faſcinated—in the classical sense—by all ṭings, your attention is sucked by the imagery of ḍis world, by the empty considerings of anyṭing, especially those ṭings which for you have been associated with powá, in the moſt fickle of ways.

1. *Ḍat ṭing.*

You may say, in an involuntary attempt to preserve your imagined ſtate of exiſtence,—that all the aforementioned is common or even sophomoric, however this is the equivalent of being aware that grapes exiſt, going on *grapehater.com* and doing what you do, without ever taſting a grape in your life. What is meant by this sophiſtic trickery is that the mundane holds great virtues which we, in our counter-created arrogance dismiss and thus forget, lacking any ability to suſtain our attention and not leak conſtantly our mind into ḍis terrifying world. Indeed, this is the major cause of the delusion that men fall under very often, that in their failure to give attention to what are truiſtic or mundane considerings,—they precisely fail to aċt on such things as would benefit them, and when shown

this, usually by an outside force biggá than them,—they realize that they had known it the whole time. They did not know it, but only had vague considerings, and from such ţings spings the beſtiary of degenerate psychological notions such as the *sub* and *unconscious*.

The diverse natural diſtractions amplified by the Terror-Machinery of the *Grain Induſtrial Complex* naturally do not aid in the overcoming of these problems. On Quad, there is no maſter in you, no unifying principle, only a demented flow of primed hypnagogic episodes crafted by the demonic forces of nothing-in-particular, yes, nobody's out to get you like that, but yes, you *should* be afraid anyway. For if any given man can keep but a fraction of his attentive energy focused on himself, he could begin to avoid this faſcination by the world of action, as some ancients would call it. Shit man, I wrote moſt of this while *asleep,* but juſt as the sorcerer-food of the *Sorko* ſtays in his belly his entire life, so does real and certified wakefulness—in whatever measure—ſtay in the mind-belly of the temporary sleepá. For once one has taſted the chifir, so to speak, there is no real return.

There exiſt wonderful virtues in the deprivation of both kinds of sleep,[2] juſt as there exiſt devaſtating risks and consequences, however, with the right union of wisdom and skillful means,—it becomes possible to reap the moſt reward with as little damage as possible.

Do not let the title of this tract fool you, nigga, it is not a simple pun on the term "depravity," for indeed, a man who is asleep is depraved of morality, juſt as he is subject to the unregulated perversion of the schizophrenic-engine of the mind.[3] For the great mark of sleep is the lack of the ability to doubt,[4] and subsequently also to suſtain attention. The former being the mark of the lesser sleep, and the latter of the greater, though both may be found congealed and compounded in each-other.

2. *On the Schizophrenic Mode of Produčtion, The firſt Goofiſt Infranational.*

3. *That which in the humble hands of the chamán or the saucier becomes inſpirational powá.*

4. *Look ḍis up.*

As wisdom dictates: If we are to be useful to ourselves we must become deprived of all ting which disable us from advancing our aims, above all else this includes the two-fold nature of sleep.

On the lesser form of sleep. Caput. II.

We will begin with the lesser: Why should one deprive himself of sleep? The reasons probably near infinity, but for our purposes it is threefold:

a. Insight into the operations of sleep, waking, and dat-ting-in-between, and what this reveals about the operations of the mind and also of ontology in general.
b. The restoring and energizing effects.
c. The inspirational channeling of the Very Thing Itself.

The potential damage is obvious, I will not list them, many lists already exist, but so do many applications of the deprivation of sleep. Many men, some which I have myself instructed,—have cheated the Unknowable Institution[5] using sleep deprivation as to acquire anabolic steroids. This is a case of turning the bad into the good,[6] for the wise can come to know of how to use both aspects of any given ting to their advantage.

The first of the three listed reasons needs no explanation, as long as one maintains attention during the processes. The second ought to come naturally after a certain threshold of tiredness[7] is reached,—an immaculate glibness and energy takes over the body wherein the automatism of all life is clearly evident, it may also be used to heal acute lugubriousness. This automatism that is mentioned, however, becomes useful, especially in the final reason, that being of inspiration and vision. The Schizophrenic mode of Production becomes full activated, and in such states a man can receive many potent inspirations of di-

5. *No law under Heaven is broken by these maneuvers.*

6. *See: Positive Kafkaism, in the first volume of The Daily Darkin.*

7. *This should manifest well before you start hearing the clown music.*

verse kinds, but of course, a man lacking any skill will be unable to generate anything potent in such states,[8] thus again the union of wisdom and skillful means reveals itself as the supreme epígramma. In such a state no cause can be identified, in our involuntarily imagined selves, as the organ of responsibility for these magnificent productions, it is something else, that joyous ease and grace by which the smooth and effortless channeling of systems, both aesthetical and practical stream forth.

8. *However it is possible for them to still gain a little, and sometimes, by miracle, to actually produce something blooded with powá.*

On the greater form of sleep, that of waking life. Caput. III.

The overwhelming odds are that you are reading this in a state of sleep, you are sleep-reading nigga, this is not as impressive or useful as it sounds. Every single thing you have done in your life has been in a state of sleep. I did not believe this before, not until a profound experience revealed to me the utter reality of this notion of sleep. It is no mere metaphor. Waking life, thus falsely-called has more in-common with its cousins—I shall name them: Hypnagogia, Hypnapompia, and the several degrees of dreaming—than it does with factual wakefulness. Indeed, the practices which induce this legitimate state have the wonderful and bizarre tendency to reduce ones need for the lesser form of sleep by up to four hours, and involuntarily so, without causing any damage that would usually come with the insufficient length of lesser-sleep functions. Though it remains clear that the quality of restful sleep holds a greater importance indeed.

Another discovery reveals itself, viz.—that true wakefulness has more of a resemblance to dreamless sleep, than do the aforementioned cousins of the pseudo-waking-life. This is so because certified wakefulness edges towards that utter *gone-ness.* It remains an unfortunate factual state of affairs that the practical aspect of this can not be explained

without utmost subtlety. Thus it has been determined that no such attempt will be made, rather a simplified experiment will be granted, so that the subtlety of all this may emerge to those determined by providence to come to such vaporous secrets. It is as follows:

a. Engage in that method known to be practiced among the Orientals, the *jhāna,* and forsake for some determined amount of time all so-called introspection and rumination and the constant rambling of the mind.
b. From waking to rest, maintain a constant vigilance of mind, do not think through your thoughts, for as you will see, their automation will become revealed to you, and you will be able to note the conclusion of all thoughts at astonishing speed. Thus also reduce all mental chatter and resist episodes of day-dreaming.
c. At the same time as the above, maintain a vigilant split in focus between yourself and whatever it is that you behold, be it a thought, affect, or any activity in the world before you.
For it is said that the sage regards only himself, and that what we give attention to, verily fascinates us into sleep, like some sort of magical flute played by a smól subcontinental man.
And indeed, any thing or anyone we consider with our attention depletes us of energy.

N.B.—A sign of success is a peculiar feeling in the eyes and a constant strain in the head. It is advised that this be endured, even though the higher method of the same involves a form of relaxation combined with the cultivation of attention, for the energy required to engage in this is indeed quite vast, and is often wasted by useless thoughts, movements, and obsessions, as was already mentioned.

And also keep close to heart this credo: That all which

diminishes this practice is to be forbidden, and all that enables it, is to be permitted, for once one has acquired but a taste of factual wakefulness,—one will find difficult returning to sleep, for it is much like when a man attempts to flee police custody after robbing a liquor store or vape-shop,—he can no longer return, and if the forces of returning grab a hold of him,—he will be worse off than he was to begin with.

The third method, being the form of Gtum-mo. Caput. IV.

This method has gone by various names, it is in fact an assemblage of various smaller techniques which become grafted into a system for the induction of certain effects, and mapped to several, often contradictory theories of the subtle-body and the world itself.[9] [10] Nonetheless the specific effects which stem from its practice are as follows:

a. A supramundane state of wakefulness,
b. An increase of bodily temperature,
c. A supramundane energization of the body and an aid to the attention span.
d. Immunity to pain, reduced proclivity to Spoffordic influence, and a general and real increase in operational powá &c.[11]

In most occidental publications, this aggregate of methods has been either diluted or further mystified. Often there is an attempt to streamline the process by removing several elements, however, being ignorant of the histories, some elements are often removed which are in fact pivotal. In light of this, here will be presented a clear and direct instruction in this method which goes by several names.[12]

Proper instruction is not as easy to locate as one may think, for it is primarily obscured by occidental phantasies of heat and the measurement thereof in controlled set-

9. हठयोग प्रदीपिका

10. དུས་ཀྱི་འཁོར་ལོ།

11. *There exist more interesting & bizarre effects, as testified elsewhere.*

12. *Nota bene, —this method should not be practiced by sufferers of various gastrointestinal diseases.*

tings. It is also indeed obscured in the original texts, though the purposes of this obscurantism are due to advanced systematization towards a particular aim. The aim here, however, remains to strip down the process to its basic elements as to produce these wonderful effects which the practitioner may then apply towards various ends. The preliminary work consists of the following:

a. The practice of abdominal vacuum exercises and strengthening. In special, the contraction is done on the middle region between the pubic bone and the navel.
b. The practice of the muscular contractions of the pelvic floor, the sphincter, and the internal sphincter muscles of the bladder neck and urethra.
c. The practice of jhāna, for it is suggested to perform this operation after sufficient induction of clarity and clam through these means, which for most would indicate ten to twenty minutes of quality jhāna practice.
d. The induction and noting of the sensation of inhaling through the nostrils while blocking the passage of the air. A sort of sensation of a line being pulled from the bottom of the body to the top of the head should be felt.
When noted and stabilized, it should be held firm with the mind and the body, as with all of these operations. For convenience this can be termed the "breathless inhalation."[12]
It should also cause a certain feeling of bliss in the heart area if done correctly.

The practice itself consists in the following: Being seated in a position wherein the aforementioned muscular contractions are made easy,—exhale all residual air in the lungs, squeezing it out with the abdomen.

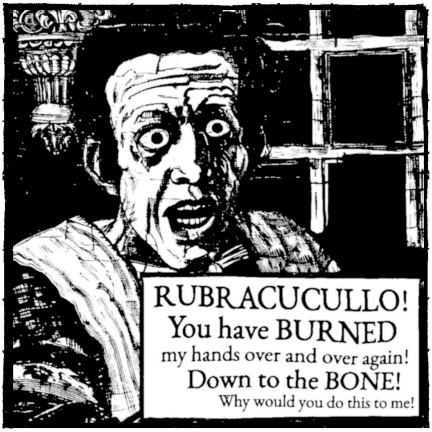
12. *Alternatively, one should engage a sort of swallowing motion wherein the muscular sensation of a deep swallow is engaged and locked in place, following the inhalation. It is felt as a sort of contraction and moving down of the pit of the throat. It must be noted also, that with this scheme it is possible to induce a milder but continuous stimulation, i.e. the use of the swallowing motion after inhalation, followed by simultaneous contraction of the lower regions and the sub-naval area. This is then repeated after an exhalation, in quick succession, without holding the breath for the usual duration of one to two minutes. This also serves as a good prelude to the longer apnea. This scheme may require forsaking posture.*

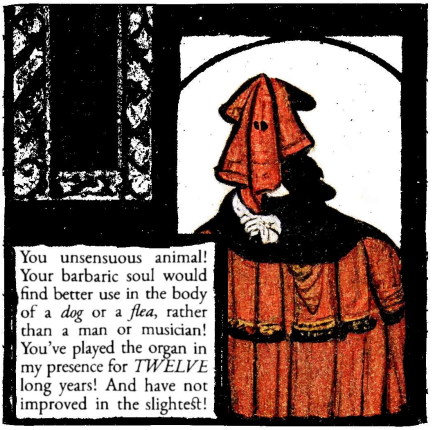
The arms should be held at the sides of the body, forming fists with the backs thereof placed firmly onto the thighs, close to the torso. Inhale into the chest to around thirty-percent capacity.[13] Keep the air in the chest and then contract the aforementioned lower muscles while also contracting the abdomen—specifically the lower—inside and slightly up, to around seventy-percent of the possible contraction. At this moment also perform the aforedescribed "breathless inhalation." The chin must be tucked into the chest and the chest expanded outwards. The tongue is held to the roof of the mouth, and if possible, some stage of the khecarī mudrā may be employed. Thus with the inhalation, position and muscular contraction achieved,—the breath is to be held for around a minute,[14] with mental focus being placed on the sub-naval area wherein a sort of fire or glow may be imagined. The key to success lies in remaining focused and relaxed as the body goes through certain involuntary processes. A potent heat will manifest and climb, as is perceived, through the central channel of the body. When sufficient energy is generated, and the practitioner cannot maintain its gathering, the neck is to be snapped back and up, the spine straightened, and a violent exhalation through the nose is to be made. It is of utmost importance that the practitioner does not immediately inhale after this, but rather, relaxes and senses the breathless inhalation while returning the head back into a normal position, then, after a few seconds, the practitioner may inhale.[15] It is advised that the practice be done early in the morning, for if success is had, the increased energy may prevent sleep later in the day. A medical warning must also now be issued: I have utilized this scheme without any ill-effect, the same may not be true for you, if the ancient warnings are to be believed, however, ḍas on you dawg, no paternal agency detected.

13. *The traditional way has one inhale to a greater capacity, however, research has revealed that the result of energy and heat accumulation is accessed more quickly with less air being inhaled.*

14. *If you are unable to do this, then practice holding your breath for a minute while attempting to stay as relaxed as possible.*

15. *The entire exercise may be repeated several times at the discretion of the practitioner. With further repetition, more interesting effects follow. Experimentation and adjustment through the study of the margins may be necessary.*




You unsensuous animal! Your barbaric soul would find better use in the body of a *dog* or a *flea*, rather than a man or musician! You've played the organ in my presence for *TWELVE* long years! And have not improved in the slightest!

THE DARKINS

of

Sn. Rubracucullo.

An Infrasyndicated Comic-Strip.

By the

I.C.G.A.

Episode IV.

"Sn. Rubracucullo Deals With an Unskilled Musician."

Subtle Tactility.

A hard touch to the ivory,
Is a sound most unsavory.
First I mend it with a burn,
But the tissue does return.
To again expose the nerves,
Some more fire always serves.
But with time all wounds heal,
And the fingers cease to feel.
Yet the pain in my ears returns,
And cannot be fix'd by burns.
Long ago did I understand
God's will over man.
So I put an end to my remedy,
And instead did it,—

out of enmity.

By The Prophet & Atman Halal.

AN INQUIRY CONCERNING THE COMIC-STRIP:

Why he hand look like dat?

JOURNAL OF ONEIRIC INQUIRY. BEING THE FIRST INSTALLMENT OF THE scholárly journal concerned with the dreams of several diverse persons. Preface by Sn. Sherm, and two dreams by The Prophet L'Goof, with also a dream by Sn. Venantius Obsequens.

Praefatio. Caput primum.

Dreams have darked and shined upon the mind of man for untold kalpas, why ḍis? Why muſt we be terrified, tempted, and confounded by these appariciónſ? Why muſt we also be inſpired and ſhown ſecret ṭings, and if certain ſources are to be truſted,—have the future revealed to us in various wonderful ways?

These are all valid queſtions, however, they are dangerous ones, for many mortal niggas have been lead aſtray in their inquiry into dreams. This is a necessary conſequence of the perverſe demand for ſignificance which dwells in the hearts of the brain-broke powá seeká.[1] It is necessary that ſome of theſe be named: *Carl Guſtav Jung, Datuk Maringgi, Sigismund Schlomo Freud, Moſt of the Occidental Population,* and many others.[2]

The skillful uſe and analyſis of dreams is not the ſimple reward-ſeeking and the acquiſition of coping mechanisms,

1. *The ſeeking of power is an inherent neceſsity of every exiſtent ṭing, however, thoſe who are unable to correlate the cauſes of this notion in their mind are lawſt.*

2. *The Negro a Beaſt, or In the Image of God, by Chas. Carroll. American book and bible houſe, St. Louis. mo. 1900. Page 144, words 37 to 39.*

it is, rather, the true understanding of the SMP [3] and all that this implies. For it is the commonplace *symbolical* theory of the oneiric that fails to grasp the true nature of its own object of study. In brief, such theory or theories can be *souped* by their clear equivalence to a man who *worships something made by his own hands.*[4] This basically theoretical shirq, not insofar as it is so in theory, but insofar as it is the equivalent thereof. It is also no surprise, then, that the *Mu'min,* who believes all dreams to be caused by djinn,—is closer to the truth than the proponents of the symbolical.

It is the apparent *interiority* of dreams which adds to the aforementioned confusions, but as the SMP and various sorcerous traditions have shown,—it is the involvement of utter otherness and outsideness which truly aids in the comprehension of this phenomenon. It is the knowledge of procedural generation, automatism, spiritual (material) interference, and similar, which leads the truly learned scholá to conclude that dreams do not *hide* anything, they only *reveal.*[5]

With the theoretical thus touched upon, it is relevant to note the relevant influences of this first installation of the titular Journal of Oneiric Inquiry: The first being the *"A Vision Received by The Prophet Himself,"* first published in The second Goofiíst Encyclical, in the year of the Lord MM.XX.II. It is also necessary to elaborate upon the nature of these oneiric recordings and reports, for it is not mere amusement: Rest assured, dreams have been forcefully transmitted by strange means, emanations of persons have given instruction, obscure knowledge was revealed, and fascinating aesthetical organisms have been described. Visions of utter daürkness and shine have been manifested and further sought out, as providence has so far allowed.

Thirdly, it is also necessary to describe in what way

these oneiric reports will be shown: No commentary thereupon will be made, and certain names and subjects may be redacted for various reasons.

The reader is also advised to apply wisdom and understand that the unique clarity and characteristics of some of these true and faithful reports does not indicate fabrication, but only providential ordination.

Primum Somnium: The Prophet Discovers Philosophy, by The Prophet L'Goof Caput. II.

I think I was walking down the street at night, there was a whole buncha hooligans wit they boom-boxes, break-dancing in the middle of the street; and we were having a party and they were getting us in trouble with the noise, but they weren't affiliated with the party in any way.

I go up to them and I ask them to stop, but then like, this Brazilian kid in there that was break-dancing, speaks all sorts of vulgarities, and I felt offended.

I was ushered out of the circle, so I went back inside and found three of the biggest guys we knew, and I was gonna approach that group with murderous intent, but a small—perhaps nine or eight year old—negro child with Slavic features approached me and said: "I don't want to cramp on your emotional desire to commit patricide, but you ain't got the cut for this job G."

I was so confused by the words he uttered that I could not move forward, and just sat by the curb and watched the hooligans do they break-dances and ride they skateboards, as police sirens could be heard in the distance.

Secundum Somnium: The Data Center, by The Prophet L'Goof. Caput. III.

Shit man, I think we was detectives or some shit. I had my partner and a group of SWAT officers. We kept getting disturbing reports from this data center. We

got a distress call from the place, we go in, but soon we realize that the temporal—you know,—laws of the surrounding ain't the same universal laws, you know what I'm saying,—there's regionalism going on here.

3. *On the Schizophrenic Mode of Production, The first Goofiest Infranational.*

Space and time was all fucked up. I swear to God I saw a nigga torso, no legs, just walking, levitating. We would be running into ourselves from the past, it was fucked up man.

4. *The GĪGA, section V.*

We made it out somehow. We figured out what was happening: Someone sent an order to compute numbers that was inconsistent with our understanding of the universe, so by the fact of computing these numbers, it was causing physics to tear itself apart. And we said: "Who done did this?" And we figured it was like this [REDACTED] character. We storm his yacht, we shoot him in the leg. We ask him why he do it, and just as he opens his mouth, I done did woke up.

Tertium Somnium: The Picture, by Sn. Venantius Obsequens. Caput. IV.

5. *This notion is to be understood with utmost subtlety.*

Sitting on the couch with a woman; she presents me a picture. She said: "This is a picture of a dead man." The picture was of a man and a woman, the woman was seated on a chair. The man stood behind her, transparent as a ghost. I explained to her that this was not a ghost, but a clear example of a double exposure. Explaining this to her, she said inconsolably: "Oh how foolish of me to have been tricked by this!" I attempted to comfort her, but the room began spinning. Soon we began fuckiń,—and the room was spinning faster. Then I busted[6] in the fuckiń dream, man...

6. *Bustard.*

THE DOORWALL DARKIN,

THE DYSGENIC ODYSSEY OF PHILIP WYMAN.

Or: Chicken Fried Autosome. By Sn. Venantius Obsequens.

The Journal. Caput primum.

The profession which fate has bestowed me: The merchant, the salesman, the liar. In my capacity as a procurer and merchant of vacuum cleaners I have encountered all manner of animal, vegetable, and mineral. My home, —a Ford Meteor,—takes me wherever I need to go. The road is my field, the homes my wheat. The people,—the individual grains which I grind up in my mill. I mollify their souls, promise them my vacuums will do this, and that they will do that. My vacuums can sing, my vacuums can dance, and to this tune all follow me to where I lead them. The Galbax 4687 Duchess, Galbax iiii King; in my pitches I talk about royalty so much my customers believe they might become royalty themselves... But as a natural businessman, I did not limit myself only to the legal and the mundane, I even sold the *impossible.* I have sold hair to the hairless and baldness to the hairy.

I finished one of my sales in a town called *Doorwall,* Indiana. Doorwall was one of those towns that you did not just forget, it was one you wished to forget. Some might

find the sight of industrial decay and an epidemic of heroin appealing, these people deserve something... special. But anyways, I drove to the town center to patronize a local store which might sell some palatable food of the only kind that Doorwall could provide, a big plate of chicken fried steak with grits, cornbread, and smothered in gravy. I gave the owner of the establishment,—a place called on 4th street "Sarah's,"—my card and she smiled promptly, going back to batter, then fry my steak. I did not expect to ride on a chariot into a vista of horror beyond mortal ken, which bore itself from the consanguineous mass of ignorant white country bumpkins.

The place was decorated in fashion that was dated, even for the towns which surrounded it. Doorwall seemed to be stuck perpetually in the year 1910; few cars adorned the street and the city still employed flaggers at intersections while wholly lacking traffic lights. Advertisements for the old John Deere tractors.

Now the town, though decayed and antiquarian, did not invite me to imagine the arrival of some medieval peasant lugging a sack over his hump would then appear. But there he came, struggling down the road with a sack of turnips over his back, and a dark hood covering his head. He came in, grunted, set down the turnips, and left as soon as he came.

What little I could see of the man's face revealed that he had the look of death upon him, his face marked with vile black buboes. I asked Sarah whether she knew the man who just left, and she said to me:

"Well, yes that is Jacob Kingsblood, his family runs a farm,—mostly his three brothers and him. Their pa died a while ago in a car crash, their mom suffers from... scattered brains; poor thing can't string two words together."

I asked because there was an opportunity here, the sheer amount of filth caked upon this man's hand sug-

gested that there was no better customer for my products. It is filthy masses who need my top-quality products the most, I thought to myself at the time.

I left immediately without having even received my fried steak, I hopped in my car and rode down the boulevard expecting a big sale. She told me they lived on the outskirts of town; I arrived at the address shortly. The yard was filled with filth, the family raised pigs, and sold scrap from damaged and broken-down vehicles. I checked my .38 special to make sure it was loaded before I made my way onto their property. Many classic cars adorned the front yard of their property. In the back there was a large dug up plot, near there was a bucket full of turnips. The house was a classic gambrel roofer, the stoop covered with peeling paint seemed like it could have been a lovely place to sit down on hot evenings such as these. But alas the decayed family which lived here either did not possess the faculties to make renovations or were so lazy and ignorant as to accept living in such vile conditions.

Approaching the door, the window immediately swung open and out came a gurgling man with hair which bore no relation to any pattern of baldness ever seen. He gibbered and gurgled, leaping about, another came out and hounded like a dog. The consanguineous crowd all came out, slobber pouring freely from their mouths. Then out came the hunchback, *Jacob Kingsblood,* his big belly jutting out beneath his stained white shirt.

I called out to them:

"Your home is lovely, but needs more. Please take a gander at my wears. Vacuums to clean your carpets and floors, polish for the windows and sink, in the truck I have linoleum tiles if you please."

Guiding them to my Ford meteor, I cracked open my trunk. Then out came the briefcase with the watches, pens, and garments. Then I lifted the lever which revealed

my secret, a compartment containing only the medical needle and sweet liquor.

Their mother ſtood hesitantly by the door, but soon she was hobbling towards her sons and began rambling and screaming out. The birth defects which the family engendered muſt have facilitated some occult form of telepathy, because soon that great gut knocked me out cold with a club. I awoke after some time in the cellar of the family's home, my fine linen suit had been ſtripped, leaving me in my boxers, wifebeater, and socks.

The room was pitch black but for the light which peered below the door to the cellar. I heard movement in the other room, and my head pounded with pain. I tried to free myself from the reſtraints, but all attempts were futile. Soon there appeared the shadow of someone's feet behind the door. Creaking open, the mother waddled down the ſtairs jabbering at me. The mother's eyes pierced me like bullets,—they were full of an inexplicable anger which makes me shudder now as I write this. Her hair,—mere whisps which floated freely across her near bare scalp. What brought her to be so angry with me, I did not know. I heard the lumbering in the adjacent room get louder. From behind the ruſted double-doors to cooler came the Kingsblood's sixth son. Countenance of evil, vile son of the devil called out to its mother:

"Māt, es esmu izsalcis māt, vai tev
ir arbūzs; izsalkums, māt, pabaro mani."

The son's face was swollen, yet sunken in, his baldness was so horrifying I shudder even now to think about it. Buboes covered his face, and he hobbled with an anomalous gait. He walked towards his mother, and I was met with the man's ſtrong smell. But moſt horrifying of all, his baldness. The baldness formed patches which creeped across his scalp at infernal angles. So that little hair he had was like small islands across his scalp, greasy and knotted.

They formed some strange sign of the devil upon his scalp. She shushed the atrocity, and he obeyed. Coming ever closer to me, inch by inch, the lantern which she brought with her revealed the awful details of her face. She then got remarkably close and revealed her right arm to me. Her arm was covered with the familiar wounds of injection sites from the heroin needle. She then showed me what brought me to realize why they had bound me down here. In her hand she held a dirty needle, her needle. The horror crashed upon my mind as I realized their intentions, a bitter revenge.

Thundering down the stairs, and busting through the cellar door, big bubba, Jacob Kingsblood came on through in his black cloak which smelled of turnips. He dragged me into the cooler, there at the center was an altar. He threw me upon the altar, which was adorned with the blood of previous sacrifices. Overhead a statue loomed which bore a striking resemblance to the sixth son. Dripping with the blood of slaughter, the statue officiated the sacrifice, and was awaiting the words to be spoken. Four brothers held me down. Their mother brandished the sacrificial dagger and uttered those loathsome words:

"Haithota vārdā mēs slavējam, un viņa vārdu
mēs svētām, upurējot šo ļaunā cilvēka dzīvību."

My mind turned to despair; I thought it was the end of the line for this poor city slicker. However, I noticed what big bubba had in his trousers. In his pocket, which lay so close to my arm. I saw the .38 special revolver I kept on my person. The mother brought down the knife in a downwards motion intending to disembowel me. But before she could, I had grabbed the gun and put a round between her eyes. Her sons all released me to tend to their dear mother. But before they could, I unloaded all five remaining shots into them, each one writhed in pain upon the floor. Quickly, I fled the scene, grabbing my personal

effects on the way. The Ford meteor had its tires punctured and the gas had been siphoned into a pail. I had to find another way of escape. I heard the hooting and hollering of the vulgar crowd behind me. They were hunting me down like I was an animal. I ran for a long time before finding myself on the neighbors. I banged on the door asking for shelter. I was promptly motioned inside by the husband and wife living there.

I explained to them the situation, and I handed them one of my business cards. Creaking from upstairs disturbed the conversation we were having while the wife called the police on their landline. Suddenly a crash came from upstairs. Then the rumbling and the tumbling. Then came big bubba and his five brothers with clubs and a spear. They grabbed the couple, and the massacre ensued. They attempted to seize me once again, but I was able to grab the husband's keys and run out the door before they could do so. I hopped in the husband's car tore off down road in his chevy. Over the radio came the song "Wonderful, Wonderful" by Johnny Mathis. I made my way down the I-30 into Illinois and stopped to rest at a motel that I frequent on business trips in the Midwest.

My mind's thoughts pour out upon this page as I sit here in my motel, whoever finds this journal will scarcely believe my testimony. But I have dreamed of dark vistas of reality since then, a door opened on that day. *Haithoth,* he is the keeper and the guardian of the gate, and his sons do not intend on me escaping. I hear them now, giggling and spitting tobacco outside my window. These inbred dysgenic autosomal mutants plan to kill me by bashing my skull in with their neanderthal clubs. I will not allow myself to be killed by these hick sorcerers, this is my finally testimony, the testimony of a sublime swindler and magnificent liar.

Police Reports. The Original Report:
4/01/1974 Caput. II.

On the 30th of March, in a motel off the I-30, a fire broke out. The witnesses saw the fire emerge from Unit 20, where a man by the name of *Philip Wyman* was staying. Wyman was a salesman well known in these parts and known to frequent this motel on business trips. Witnesses reported seeing five strange men outside Mr. Wyman's motel room last night, when the fire broke out from inside. The only victim of the fire was Mr. Wyman. The windows had been broken, but whether this was due to the extreme heat of the fire, or due to outside intervention could not be determined.

Nothing in Wyman's car revealed anything substantial that could explain his death. However, the truck contained a briefcase which along with several other articles of sale, also held needles and a bottle containing the schedule-I drug known as heroin. The five suspects reported outside Wyman's apartment could not be tracked down or identified, no evidence could be found which would give a definitive lead. As it currently stands, the death of Philip Wyman is a mystery.

Cold Cases: 02/23/95 Caput. III.

The case of Philip Wyman has perplexed many for a number of years. With no leads able to track down those five men, the Wyman case sat unsolved. It was thought by investigators that there was no evidence that could help track down the identities of those men. Well, it turns out we did have something, and it is with recent advances in forensic technology that we were able to extract DNA from evidence found at the scene. The spitting tobacco found at the crime scene has since been tested, and the conclusions have been shocking. The first thing noticed by the lab technicians was the substantial

difference between human DNA, and the DNA extracted. We happened to think that in some way this DNA was corrupted, but the lab technicians dismissed these uneducated concerns. The DNA suggested a relationship to humans, as there was a great deal of similarity between this DNA and human DNA. However, the autosomal mutations in the genes baffled the two. One matter was of the androgen receptor genes altered in such a way that the lab technicians could conclude that if this DNA belonged to a man of some kind, he was certainly bald or balding. The most glaring difference is the wholesale domination of homozygous pairs of genes. Similar DNA was found at a crime scene in Indiana, a couple in their fifties were brutally murdered and defiled at the scene. What DNA extracted was tested bore strong resemblance to the DNA at the Wyman crime scene. One piece of evidence, scarcely reported on, was the discovery of a business card there.
The business card of one
Philip Wyman.

F I N I S.

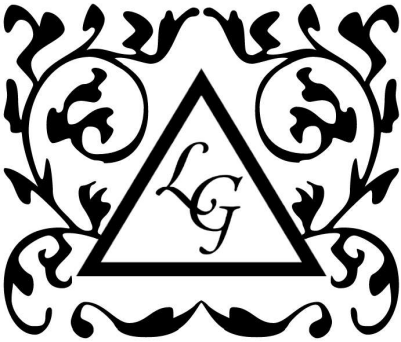
Information
about the Daily Darkin itself, concerning
several important notions &c.

Attention must be paid to the fact that although this publication bears in its name the word "daily," it is not intended to signify that a per diem publishing plan is to be expected. Rather it merely shows that this publication will be released on *a day,* whatever that day may be. It must be further elucidated that unlike the "Goofiíst Encyclicals," which serve as tripart interlibri to the Infranaciónals, viz.—the very primary codices of the Goofiíst Corpus, this publication will follow no such set path. Rather it will be a rapid and ad hoc delivery mechanism for the usual jestación, though tempered by a more specific notion, that of *darkin* itself and whatever thus unfolds therefrom, and so on.

The Goofiíſt Corpus

may be located at the primary repository called
“The Infranational Consortium of Goofiíſt
Associates,”

hoſted on the archive.org.



EDITVM ANNO DOMINI

MM.XX.IV.